

The Historie of

*Hot.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.  
*La.* Go, ye giddy goose.

*The Musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,  
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musician.

*Lady.* Then would you be nothing but musically,  
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:  
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

*Hot.* I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.

*La.* Would 'st haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings.

*Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and  
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,  
As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsbury*:

Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,  
A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,  
To velvet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.

Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red breest teacher  
and the indentures be drawne, jle away within these 2. hours,  
and so come in when ye will.

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,  
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

Henry the

By this our Booke is drawne, we  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Enter the King, Prince of*

*King.* Lords, giue vs leaue, th  
Must haue some priuate confer  
For we shall presently haue nee  
I know not whether God will h  
For some displeasing seruice I  
That in his secret doome, out o  
Hee'll breed reuengement and  
But thou dost in the passages o  
Make me belecue, that thou art  
For the hot vengeance, and the  
To punish my misreadings  
Could such inordinate and lo  
Such poore, such bare, such le  
Such barren pleasures, rude soc  
As thou art matcht withall, an  
Accompany the greatnes of th  
And hold their leuell with thy

*Prin.* So please your Maiest  
Quit all offences with as clear  
As well as I am doubtlesse I ca  
My selfe of many I am charg'  
Yet such extenuation let me b  
As in reproofe of many tales  
Which oft the care of greatn  
By smiling Pick-thankes, and  
I may for some things true, w  
Hath faulty wandred, and irro  
Find pardon on my true sub

*King.* God pardon thee, y  
At thy affections, which doe  
Quite from the sight of all t  
Thy place in Counsell thou  
Which by thy yonger Broth  
And art almost an alien to t

By